

THE
RAPE
OF
LVCRECE.

BY
Mr. William Shakespeare.

Newly Revised.



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are to be sold at his shop at the golden
Vnicorne in Paternoster Row.
1632.

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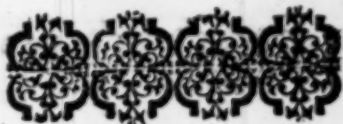
TO THE RIGHT HONOV.
rable, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,
Earle of *South-hampton*, and
Baron of Tich-field.



THE Loue I dedicate to
your Lordship is with-
out end : whereof this
Pamphlet without be-
ginning, is but a super-
fluous Moity. The war-
rant I haue of your Honourable disposi-
tion, not the worth of my vntutord lines
makes it assured of acceptance. What I
haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is
yours, being part in all I haue deuoted
yours. Were my worth greater, my du-
ty should shew greater : meane time, as
it is, it is bound to your Lord-ship ;
To whom I wish long life still,
lengthened with all
happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duty,

William Shake speare.



The Argument.

LUcius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his owne father in law Seruius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Roman lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his souldiers and other noble men of Rome to besiege Ardea: during which, the principall men of the Army meeting one evening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the kingt son, in their discourses after supper, euery one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by their secret and sudden arrivall, to make triall of that which euery one had before auouched, onely Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, whether Ladies were all sound dancing and remelling, or in severall sports. Whereupon the Noble men yielded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sex-

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The Argument.

thus Tarquinius being enflamed with Lucreces beauty: yet smothering his passion for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Camp, from whence he shortly after privately withdrew himselfe, and was (according to his state) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night, he treacherously stealth into her Chamber, violently ravishes her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Camp for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the act, and whole manner of his dealing, and withall suddenly stabbed her selfe. Which done, with consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the date and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moved with one consent, and a generall acclamation, that the Tarquins were all exiled, & the state government changed from Kings to Consuls.



The Contents.

- 1 **L**UCCRE praiseth for chaste, vertuous, and beautifull enamoreth *Tarquin*:
- 2 *Tarquin* welcomed by *Lucrece*.
- 3 *Tarquin* ouerthrowes al disputing with wilfulnesse.
- 4 He puts his resolution in practise.
- 5 *Lucrece* awakes and is amazed to be so surprized.
- 6 She pleads in defence of Chastity.
- 7 *Tarquin* all impatient, interrupteth her, and rauisheth her by force.
- 8 *Lucrece* complaines on her abuse.
- 9 She disputeth whether she should kill her selfe or no.
- 10 She is resolued on her selfe-murther, yet sendeth first for her Husband.
- 11 *Colatinius* with his friends returne home.
- 12 *Lucrece* relateth the mischiese: they swear reuenge, and she to exasperate the matter, killeth her selfe.

THE



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged *Ardea* all in post,
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed *Tarquin* leaves the *Roman*
And to *Colatium* beares the lightlesse fire, (host,
Which in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire
And girdle with imbracing flames the wass,
Of *Colatines* faire loue, *Lucrece* the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste, vnhaply set
On his batelesse edge on his keene appetite :
When *Colatine* vnwisely did not let
To proue the cleere vnmatcht red and white,
Which triumpht in that skie of his delight,
Where mortall star as bright as heuens beauties,
With pure affects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before in *Tarquins* tent,
Vnlockt the treasure of his happy stue :
What pricelesse wealth the heauens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate,
Reckoning his fortune at so high a rate
That *Kings* might be espoused to more fame :
But *King* nor *Prince* to such a pricelesse dame.

O happinesse enjoyed but of a few,
And if posselt, as loone decayde and done :
As if the *morning*s siluer melting dew,
Against the golden splendor of the *Sunne*,
A date expir'd : and cancel'd ere begun.
Honor and beauty in the owners times,
Are weakly fortrest from a world of harmes.

1
Thy prai-
sing of Lu-
crece as
chaste, ver-
tuous, and
beautifull,
maketh
Tarquin
enamored.

Faustus

THE RAPE

Beauty it selfe, doth of it selfe perswade
The eyes of men without an *Orator*,
What needeth then *Apologies* be made
To set forth that which is so *flagular*?
Or why is *Colatine* the publisher
Of this *rich Jewell* he should keepe vnknowne,
From the *curious eyes* because it is his owne?

Perchance his boast of *Lucrece* Sou'raignty,
Suggested this proud issue of a *King*:
For by our *eyes* our hearts oft tainted be,
Perchance that enuy of so rich a thing
Brauing compare, disdainefully did sting (want
His high pitch't *thoughts*, that meaner men should
The *golden bay* which their *superiors* want.

But some vntimely *thought* did instigate,
His all too timelesse speede, if none of those;
His *honor*, his *affaires*, his *friends*, his *state*,
Neglected all; with swift intent he goes;
To quench the coale which in his liuer growes.
O rash false *beat*, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty *spring* still blasts and n'ere growes old,

7

Tarquin When at *Colatia* this false *Lord* arriv'd,
welcom'd Well was he welcom'd by the *Romane* dame,
by Lucrece Within whose face *beauty* and *vertue* strived,
Which of them both should vnderprop her fame,
When *vertue* brag'd, *beauty* would blush for shame,
When *beauty* boasted blushes, in despight
Vertue would staine that o're with *silver* white.

But *beauty* in that white intitled,
From *Venus* dotes doth challenge that faire field,
Then *vertue* claimes from *beauty* beauties red,
Which *vertue* gaue the *golden* age to gild
Their *silver* cheekes, and cild it then their shield,
Tending them thus to vse it in the fight,
When shame assul'd, the red should seape the white.

This

OF LVCRECE.

This *Herauldry* in *Lucrece* face was scene:
 Argued by *beauties* red and *vertues* white,
 Of eithers colour was the other *Lucene*;
 Prouing from *worlds* minority their right,
 Yet their *ambition* makes them still to fight:
 The *son's* *vagruity*; of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each others *seat*.

This silent *warre* of *Lillies* and of *Roses*,
 Which *Tarquin* view'd in her faire *faces* field,
 In their pure *ranks* his *traytor* eye encloses,
 Where least between them both it should be kild,
 The coward *captiue* vanquished doth yeild
 To those two *armes* that would let him goe,
 Rather than triumph in so false a *foe*.

Now thinks he that her *husband* shallow tongue,
 The *niggard* *prodigall* that prais'd her so,
 In that high taske hath done her *beauty* wrong,
 Which fate exceeds his *barren* skill to shew.
 Therefore that *prais't* which *Colatine* doth owe,
 Incharmed *Tarquin* answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still *gazing* eyes.

This earthly *Saint* adored by this *Diuell*;
 Little suspecteth the *false* *worshipper*;
 "For thoughts vnstain'd doe sildome dreame on
 "Birds neuer lim'd, no secret *bushes* feare: (*cuius*,
 So guiltlesse she securely gives good cheare,
 And reuerend welcome to her princely *guest*,
 Whose inward ill no outward harme expectt.

For that he coloured with his high *effare*,
 Hiding base *sinne* in pleats of *Majesty*:
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Some sometime too much wonder of his eye,
 Which hauing all, all could not satisfie;
 But *poorly* rich so wanteth in his *store*
 That cloyd with *much*, he piacth still for *more*.

But

THE RAPE.

But she that neuer cop't with *stranger eyes*,
 Could pick no meaning from their *parling looks*,
 Nor read the subtle *shining secrets*
 Writ in the glasse margenes of such *bookes*,
 She toucht no vnkowne *baits*, nor fear'd no *hookes*,
 Nor could she moralize his wanton fight,
 More than his *eyes* were open to the *light*.

He stories to her *eares* her husbands fame
 Wonne in the fields of fruitfull *Italy*:
 And decks with praises *Colatines* high name,
 Made glorious by his manly *chivalry*,
 With *bruised armes* and *wreaths of victory*:
 Her joy with beaue'd-up hand shee doth expresse,
 And wordlesse so greets *heauen* for his *success*.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
 He makes *excuses* for his being there:
 No cloudy *show* of stormy bluitring *weather*:
 Doth yet in his faire *welkin* once appeare,
 Till fable *night* sad source of dread and feare,
 Vpon the *world* dim *darknesse* doth display,
 And in her vauky *prison* thins the day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought vnto his *bed*,
 Intending *weariennesse* with heavy *sprite*:
 For after supper long he questioned
 With modest *Lucrece*, and wore out the *night*:
 Now *leaden slumber* with liues strength doth fight,
 And euery one to rest themselves betake,
 Save *theenes*, and *cares*, & troubled *minds* that wake.

As one of which doth *Tarquin* lie reuoluing
 The sundry *daungers* of his *wills* obtaining:
 Yet euer to obtaine his *will* resoluing, (ning,
 Though weak-built *hopes* perswade him to absta-
 Despaire to gaine doth traffique oft for *gaining*,
 And when great *treasure* is the meed proposed,
 Though *death* be adiunct, ther's no death supposed
 Those

OF LYCRECE

Those that much *care* are with *gain* so fond,
 That oft they haue not that which they possesse,
 They scatter and velloose it from the *hand*,
 And so by hoping more they haue but *lesse*,
 Or gaining more the profit of *excesse*,
 Is but to suffer, and such griefes sustaine,
 That they *perceiue* hankrout in this *poore* rich *gaine*.

The ayme of *all* is but to raise the *life*
 With *honour*, *wealth* and *ease*, in wayning age:
 And in this ayme there is such *strawring* *trife*,
 That one for *all*, or *all* for *one* we *gaye*:
 As *life* for *honor*, in fell *battails* *rage*,
Honor for *wealth*, and oft that *wealth* doth *cost*.
 The death of *all*, and all together *lost*.

So that in venturing *all*, we leaue to be
 The things we *are*, for that which we expect:
 And this ambitious soule *infirmity*,
 In hauing *much*, tormentes vs with defect
 Of that we *haue*: so then we doe neglect
 The thing we *haue*, and all for want of *it*,
 Make *something* *nothing*, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting *Tarquin* make,
 Pawning his *honor* to obtaine his *lust*:
 And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake:
 Then where is *truth*, if there be not *false-truth*?
 When shall he thinke to finde a *stranger* *iust*,
 When he himselfe himselfe condemns, becrayes
 To slanderous *tongues* wretched *hateful* daies?

Now stole vpon the *time* the dood of *night*:
 When heauy sleep had clos'd vp mortall *eye*,
 No comfortable *starre* did lend his *light*,
 No noise but *Owles* and *Moles* death-boding *cries*.
 Now serues the *darknes* that they may surprize
 The silly *Lambs*, pure thoughts are dead and *still*,
 While *Lust* and *Murder* wakes to *staine* and *kill*.
And

THE RAPE

3
Tarquin
disputing
the matter
at last re-
solves to
satisfie his
lust.

And now this lustfull Lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o're his arme,
Is madly tost betweene desire and dread;
Th' one sweetely flutters, th' other feareth harme,
But honest feare, bewitcht with lusts foule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sicke rude desire.

His Fauchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparkes of fire doth flie,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lodg-her to his lustfull eye,
And to the flame thus speaks aduisedly;
As from this cold flint I enforst this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here pale with feare he doth premeditate,
The dangers of his lothsome enterprife:
And in his inward minde he doth debate,
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
And iustly thus control's his thoughts vnjust.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not,
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die vnhalloved thoughts before you blot
With your vncleanesse that which is diuine:
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let faire humanity abhor the dead, (swear)
That spots and staines loues modest snow-white

O shame to knight-hood, and to shining armes,
O foule dishonour to my households grace:
O impious Act including all foule harmes,
A martiall man to be soft fancies slave,
True valour still a true respect should haue:
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yes

OF LVCRECE.

Yes though I die the *standall* will suruiue,
And be an *eye-sore* in my golden coate:
Some loathsome *dash* the *Herald* will contriue,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote:
That my *posterity* sham'd with the note
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sinne
To wish that I their father had not beene.

What win I if I gaine the thing I seeke?
A *dream*, a *breath*, a *froth* of *fleeting* ioy,
Who buies a *minutes* mirth to waile a *week*?
Or sels *eternity* to get a *toy*?
For one sweet *grape* who will the *vine* destroy?
Or what fond *beggar* but to touch the *crowne*,
Would with the *scepter* straight be stricken down.

If *Colatinus* dreame of my intent,
Will he not wake; and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile *purpose* to preuent?
This *siege* that hath ingirt his marriage,
This *blurt* to youth, this *sorrow* to the sage,
This *dying* vertue, this *suruiuing* shame,
Whose *crime* will beare an *ouer-during* blame.

O what excuse can my *inhibition* make
When thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed:
Will not my *tongue* be true, my fraile *eyers* shake?
Mine *eyes* forgoe their *light*, my false heart bleed?
The *guilt* being great, the *fear* doth still exceed,
And extreme *fear* can neither *fight* nor *flie*,
But cowardlike with trembling *terror* die,

Had *Colatinus* kild my *Sorine* or *Sire*,
Or laine in ambush to betray my *life*,
Or were he not my deare *friend*, this desire
Might haue excuse to worke vpon his *wife*:
As in *revenge* or *quitall* of such *frist*:
But as he is my *kinsman*, my deare *friend*,
The *shame* and *faults* find no excuse nor end.

Shamefull

THE RAPE

Shamefull it is, if once the *fact* be knowne,
 Hatefull it is: there is no hate in *louing*,
 Ile beg her loue: but she is not her *owne*.
 The worst is but *deniall*, and *reprouing*.
 My *will* is strong, past *reasons* weake removing.
 Who feares a *sentence* or an old mans *sawe*,
 Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe.

Thus (gracelesse) holds he *disputation*,
 Twene *frozen conscience* and hot *burning will*,
 And with good *thoughts* makes *dispensation*,
 Vrging the worser sense for vantage still.
 Which in a moment doth *confound* and *kill*
 All pure *effects*, and doth so farre proceed,
 That what is vile shewes like a *vertuous deed*.

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the *band*,
 And gaz'd for *tydings* in my eager *eies*,
 Fearing some bad *newes* from the warlike *band*
 Where her beloued *Colatinus* lies.
 O how her *fear* did make her *colour* rise?
 First red as *Roses* that on *Lanane* we lay,
 Then white as *Lanane* the *Roses* tooke away.

And now her *hand* in my *band* being lockt,
 Forst it to tremble with her *loyall feare*:
 Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,
 Vntill her *husbands* welfare she did heare,
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a *cheere*
 That had *Narcissus* scene her as she stood,
 Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him in the *flood*.

Why hunt I then for *colour* or *excuses*?
 All *Orators* are dumbe when *beauty* pleads,
 Poore *wretches* haue *remorse* in poore *abuses*,
 Loue thrives not in the *heart* that *shadoiues* dreads,
 Affection is my *Captaine* and he leades:
 And when this gaudy banner is *displaide*,
 The *coward* fights, and will not be *dismaide*.

Then

OF LYCRECE.

Then childish *fear* aiant, *debating* die,
Respect and *Reason* wait on wrinkled *age* :
 My *heart* shall neuer countermand mine *eye*,
 Sad *pause* and *deepe* *Regard* bekeems the *Sage*,
 My *part* is *youth*, and beets these from the *stage* :
Desire my *pilot* is, *Beauty* my *prize*,
 Then who fears sinking where such *treasure* lies;

As *corne* ore-growne by *weeds*, so heedfull *fear* :
 Is almost cloakt by vnresistd *lust*,
 Away he steales with open listning *care*,
 Full of foule *hope* and full of fond mistrull :
 Both which as seruitors to the vniust
 So crosse him with their opposite *persuasion*,
 That now he vowes a league, and now *inuation*.

Within his thought her heavenly *image* sits,
 And in the selfe same *seat* sits *Colatise*,
 That *eye* which looks on her, confounds his *wits*,
 That *eye* which him beholds, as more diuine
 Vnto a *view* so false will not incline :
 But with a pure *appeale* seeks to the *heart*,
 Which once corrupted, takes the worse part.

And therein heartens vp his servile *powers*,
 Who flattered by their *leaders* second thow,
 Seuffe vp his *lust*, as minutes fill vp *howrs* :
 And as their *Captaine*, so their *pride* doth grow,
 Paying more slauiish *tribute* than they owe.
 By reprobate *desire* thus madly led
 The *Romane* Lord doth march to *Lucrece* bed.

The *lockes* betweene her *chamber* and his will,
 Each one by him enforst, recites his *ward*,
 But as they open, they all rate his *ill*,
 Which driues the creeping *theefe* to some regard.
 The *threshold* grates the *dore* to haue him heard :
 Night-wandering *Wizards* sweeke to see him there,
 They fright him yet he still pursues his *fear*.

B

As

THE RAPE

5
Lucretia
 wakes a-
 mazed &
 confound-
 ed to be
 so surpris-
 ed.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
 From forth dull *leepe* by dreadful *fancy* waking,
 That thinks shee hath beheld some gallie *ghost*,
 Whose grim aspect sets every ioynt a shaking,
 What terror 't is: but she in w order taking,
 From *leepe* disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposed *terror* rise.

VVrapt and confounded in a thousand *fear*s,
 Like to a new-kild *bird* she trembling lies:
 She dares not looke, yet winking there appears
 Quicke shifting *Antiques* vgly in her eyes,
 Such *shadows* are the weake braines *forgetries*,
 VVho angry that the eyes flie from their lights,
 In *darknes* daunts them with more dreadful *sights*.

His hand that yet remains vpon her *breast*,
 (Rude *Ram* to batter such an *ivory* wall:)
 May feele her heart (poore *Citizens*) distressed,
 VVounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall:
 Beating her *Bulke*, that his hand shakes withall.
 This moves in him more *rage*, and lesse *pity*,
 To make the *breach*, and enter this sweet *City*.

First like a *trumpet* doth his *tongue* begin
 To sound a *parley* to his heartlesse *foe*,
 VVho ore the white *sheet* peers a her whiter *cheek*,
 The reason of this rash *alarme* to know,
 VVhich he by dumbe demeanor seeks to show:
 But she with vehement *prayers* vrgeth still,
 Vnder what *colour* he commits the ill.

Thus he replies, the *colour* in this *face*,
 That euen for *anger* makes the *Lily* pale,
 And the red *Rose* blush at her owne disgrace,
 Shall plead for me, and tell my louing *tail*,
 Vnder that *colour* am I come to scale
 Thy neuer conquered *Fort*, the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus

OF L V C R E C E.

Thus I foretall thee : if thou meane to chide,
Thy beauty hath insur'd thee to this night,
VVhere thou with patience must my will abide :
My will that marks thee for my earths delight,
VVhich I to conquer sought with all my might.
But as *repulse* and *reason* beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty it was newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempts will bring,
I know what thornes the growing Rose defends,
I thinke the bony guarded with a ring,
All this before hand counsell comprehends.
But will is deaf, and heares no heedfull friends.
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he lookes, gainst law or duty

I haue debated euen in my soule,
VVhat wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shal beed,
But nothing can affections course controle
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed,
I know repentant teares inue the deed.
I Reproch, disdain, and deadly enuie,
Yet strue I to embrace mine *insamy*.

This said, he shakes aloft his *Ramene* blade,
VVhich like a *Falcon* towring in the skie,
Couches the fowle below with his wings shade,
VVhose crook beake threats, if hee mouer hee die.
So vnder the insulting *Fauchion* lies
Harmlesse *Lyceria*, marking what hee teils, (beils,
VVith trembling feare, as fowle heere *Falcon*

Lyceras, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee :
If thou deny, then force must worke my way :
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthless slave of thine the slay,
To kill thine honor with thy liues decay.
And in thy dead armes doe I meane to place him,
Sweating I slew him seeing thee embrace him.

THE RAPE 20

O had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then *Colatine* againe by *Lucretia* filie,
In his cleere bed might haue reposed still;
But they must ope this blasted leagur to kill:
And holy-thoughted *Lucretia* to their sight,
Must sell her ioy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her lilly hand her rosy cheekes lies vnder,
Coozening the pillow of a lawfull kisse;
Who therefore angry seemes to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his blisse,
Between whose hills her head intombed is,
Where like a vertuous monument she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,
On the greene counterles, whose perfect whitt
Shew'd like an April dazle on the grasse,
With pearly sweate resembling dew of night;
Her eyes like *Marigolds* had heath'd their light,
And canopied in darknesse sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like golden threads plaid with her breath;
O modest wantons, wanton modesty;
Shewing lifes triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dum looke in liues mortality,
Each in her sleepe themselves so beautifie,
As if betwene them twaine there were no strife,
But that life luy'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like ivory & lily circled with bays,
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered;
Sane of their Lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by each they truly honoured.
These worlds in *Tarquin* new ambition bred,
Who like a foule vsurper went about,
From this faire throne to haue the crowne out.

What

OF LVC RECE.

What could he see but mightily he *noted*?
 VVhat did he *note*, but *strongly* he *desired*?
 VVhat he *beheld*, on that he firmly *adoted*,
 And in his *will* his wilfull *eye* he *ured*.
 VVith more than *admiration* he *admired*
 Here *agut* *veines*, her *alabaster* *skinne*,
 Her *corall* *lips*, her *snow-white* *dimpled* *chin*.

As the grim *Lion* *faireth* ore his *prey*,
 Sharpe *hunger* by the *conquest* *satisfied*:
 So ore this *sleeping* *foale* doth *Tarquin* *stay*,
 His *rage* of *lust* by *gazing* *qualified*.
 Slackt, not *supprest*, nor *standing* by her *side*;
 His *eye* which late this *maiden* *restraines*,
 Vnto a greater *opore* *tempts* his *veines*.

And they like *stragling* *flaues* for *pillage* *fighting*,
 Obdurate *vassals* sell *exploits* *effecting*:
 In *bloody* *death* and *rauisment* *delighting*,
 Nor *childrens* *teares*, nor *mothers* *groans* *respecting*,
 Swell in their *pride*, the onser *still* *expecting*.
 Anon his *beating* *heart* *alacum* *striking*,
 Gives the *hot* *charge* and bids them do their *liking*.

His *drumming* *heart* *cheares* vp his *burning* *eye*,
 His *eye* *commends* the *leading* to his *hand*:
 His *hand* as *proud* of such a *dignity*,
 Smoaking with *pride*, *marcht* on to make his *stand*
 On her bare *breasts*, the *heart* of all her *land*,
 Whose *rankes* of *blew* *veins* as his *hand* did *scale*,
 Left their round *turrets* *desstitute* and *pale*.

They *mustering* to the quiet *Cabines*,
 VVhere their deare *gouernesse* and *Lady* *lies*,
 Doe tell her she is dreadfully *beset*.
 And fright her with confusion of their *cries*:
 She much amaz'd *breakes* ope her *lockt* vp *eyes*:
 VVho peeping forth this *tumult* to behold,
 Are by his *flaming* *torch* dim'd and *controld*.

THE RAPE

As each unwilling portall yeelds him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place,
The waude wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blowes the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his candle in this case,
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth froch,
Puffes forth another winde that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the light he spies
Lucrecia's gloue, wherein her needle stickes;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks:
As who should say, this gloue to wanton trickes
Is not inur'd, returne againe in halt,
Thou seest our *Mis Presse* ornaments are chaff.

But all these poore forbiddings could not stay him,
He in the worst sense construes their deniall;
The doores, the wind, the gloue that did deny him,
He takes for accidental things of toyall;
Or is those barriers which stop the honest diall,
VWho with a lingring stay his cause doth ler,
Till every minute payes the haire his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little fogs that sometime threaten the spring,
To adde a more reioycing to the prime,
And give the *sunet* bin as more cause to sing,
Paine payes the income of eeh precious thing. (sandy,
Huge rocks, high winds; strong pirats, shelaes, and
The merchant seares, are rich at home he lande.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,
That shuts him from the heauen of his thought,
Which with a yeelding latch and with no more,
Hath bard him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himselfe impiety hath wrought
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heauens should countenance his sinne.

But

OF LVCRECE.

But in the midst of his vnfruitfull prayer,
 Having solicited *his eternall power,* (Chor.)
 That his soule thoughts might compasse his faire
 And they would stand auspicious to the *heavens*,
 Euen there he starts, quoth he, I must desloure:
 The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act?

Then *love* and *fortune* be my gods, my guide,
 My will is backt with resolution:
 Thoughts are but *dreames* till their effects be tried,
 Blacke sinne is cleared with absolution,
 Against *loves fire*, *fears* frost hath dissolution,
 The eye of *heaven* is out, and misty night
 Couers the shame that followes sweet *delight*.

This said, his guilty hand plucks vp the latch,
 And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
 The *Doe* sleeps fast that this *night-owle* will catch;
 Thus treason works ere *traitors* be espied:
 Who sees the lurking *serpent* steps aside;
 But the sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortall *ling*.

Into the Chamber wickedly he stalkes,
 And gazeth on her yet vntrined bed:
 The *curtaines* being close, about he stalkes,
 Rouling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
 By their high treason is his heart misled. (soone)
 Which gaues the warth-word to his hand too
 To draw the *clouds* that hides the silent *Moon*.

Looke as the faire and fiery pointed *Sun*,
 Rushing from forth a *cloud*, becomes our sight:
 Euen so the *curtaine* drewne his eyes began
 To wink, being blinded, with a greater light.
 Whether it is that she reflects so bright
 That darketh them, or else some shame supposed,
 But blind they are, and keepe themselves inclosed.

THE RAPE: O

So thy forniſhing husband ſhall remaine,
The ſcornfull *marke* of euery open eye,
The kindſmen *hang* their hearts at this diſdaine,
Thy *iſſue* blurd with nameleſſe *baſtardy*,
And thou the *Author* of their *obloquy*,
Shall haue thy trefpaſſe eied vp in rimes,
And ſung by children in ſucceeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I reſt thy ſecret friend,
The fault vnknownc is as though *enacted*,
A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawfull *policy* remaines enacted.
The poiſonous *ſimple* ſometimes is compoſted
In pureſt compounds; being ſo applied,
His *venome* in effect is puriſed.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens ſake,
Tender my *ſuit*, bequeath not to their *lot*,
The *ſhame* that from them no deuiſe can take,
The *blemish* that will neuer be forgot:
Vvorſe than a *ſlauiſh* wife, or *birth-bears* blot:
For markes deſcried in mens animity,
Are *Natures* faults, not their owne infamy.

Here with a *Cockatrice* dead killing eye,
He rowſeth vp himſelfe, and makes a *poſe*,
VWhile ſhe the *picture* of pure piety,
Like a white *Hound* beneath the *grapes* ſharp claws,
Pleads in a *wilderneſſe* where are no *lawes*,
To the rough *beaſt*, that knowes no gentle right,
Nor ought obeyes but his ſoule *appetite*.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the *world* doth threat,
In his dim *miſt* the aſpiring mountaine hiding,
From earths darke womb ſome gentle *gale* doth get,
Which blow theſe *piſchy* vapours from their biding,
Minding their *peccers* fall by this diuiding.
So his vnſhallowed *hate* her words deliues,
And moody *Pluto* winks while *Orpheus* plai-
Yet

OF LUCRECE.

Yet soule night waking *Gas* he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast *fast* the weak *mouse* panteth.
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture *solly*;
A swallowing *gulf* that euen in *pleasy* wanteth.
His *ears* her *prayers* admires, but his *hearts* granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining, (ning.
Tears harden *lust*, though *marble* weares with ray-

Her pitty pleading *eyes* are sadly fix'd
In the remotest *leile* wrinkles of his *face*;
Her modest *eloquence* with *fighes* is mix'd,
VVhich to her *Oratory* adds more grace.
She puts the *period* often from his place,
And midst the *sentence* so her *accent* breakes
That *twice* she doth begin ere *once* she speaks.

She coniuers him by high *Almighty* *loue*,
By *Knighthood*, *Gentry*, and sweet *friendships* oath,
By her *untimely* *teares*, her *husbands* *loue*,
By *holy* *humane* *law*, and *common* *trath*.
By *heaven* and *earth*, and all the *powers* of both,
That to his borrowed *bed* he make retire,
And stoop to *Honor*, not to soule desire.

6

Lucrece
pleadeth
in defence
of chastity,
and ex-
probate
his vnciuil
lust.

Quoth she, reward not *Hospitality*
VVith such *blacke* *payments* as thou hast pretended,
Muddle not the *fountain* that gave *drinke* to thee;
Mure not the *thing* that cannot be amended:
End thy ill *ayme*, before thy *shoot* be ended.
He is no *Wood-man* that doth bend his *bow*
To strike a poore vnseasonable *Dee*.

My husband is thy *friend*, for his sake spare me,
Thy selfe art mighty, for thine owne sake leaue me;
My selfe a *weake* *thing*, doe not then intimate me.
Thou look'st not like *desire*, doe not deuine me.
My *fighes* like *whitewash* labor hence to beate thee;
If cur man was thou'd with *women* *mones*,
Be moued with my *teares*, my *fighes*, my *groanes*.

All

THE RAPE

Euen in this *thought* through the dark night he stea-
A captive victor that hath lost in gaine's (leth
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will despite of *Cure* remaine,
 Leaving his *spoile* perplex in greater paine.
 She beares the load of *lust* he left behinde,
 And he the *burthen* of a guilty minde.

He like a theuish *dog* creeps fadly thence,
 She like a wearied *Lambe* lies panting there :
 He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,
 She desperate, with her *nailer*, her *flesh* doth teare,
 He faintly flies, swearing with guilty feare :
 She staies excl:ining on the disefull night :
 He runs and chides his *vanisht* loch'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy *rainier*,
 She there remains a hopelesse *cast-away* :
 He in his speed looks for the morning light :
 She prays she neuer may behold the *day*,
 For day, quoth she, night-scapes doth open lay :
 And my true eyes haue neuer practised how,
 To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They thinke not but that every *eye* can see,
 The same *disgrace* which they themselves behold :
 And therefore would they still in darknesse lie,
 To haue their vnseen sinne remaine vnold :
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And graue, like water that doth ease in Steele,
 Vpon my cheeks what helpelesse shame I feele.

8

Lucrece
 thus abu-
 sed com-
 plains on
 her misery

Here she exclaimes against *repose* and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind :
 She wakes her *heart* by beating on her *brest*,
 And bids it leape from thence where it may finde
 Some purer *chest*, to close so pure a minde. (*spight*;
 Franticke with griefe thus breaths she forth her
 Against the vnsen secrecy of night,

OF LVCRECE.

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,
 Dim register, and notary of shame,
 Blacke page for tragedies and murders fell;
 Vast sinne-concealing Chace, nurse of blame,
 Blind muffled howle, darke harbor of defame,
 Grim cause of death, whispering conspirator,
 VVith close-tong'd treason, and the ravisers

O hatefull, vapourous and foggy night,
 Since thou art guilty of my carelesse crime:
 Muster thy mist to meet the Easterne light,
 Make war against proportion'd course of times:
 O: if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
 His wonted height, yet ere he goe to bed,
 Knit poysonous clouds about his golden head.

VVith rotten damp raiuish the morning ayre,
 Let their exhal'd vnwholesome breaths make sick
 The life of purity the supreme faire,
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick,
 And let thy misty vapors march so thicke,
 That in their smoaky vanes his smothered light
 May set at naue and make peremall night.

VVere Tarquin night as he is due night's child,
 The filner shining Queene he would disdain,
 Her twinkling handmaids too (by him defild)
 Through Night's black bosom shold not peep again,
 So shoud I hide my selfe in my paine,
 And fellowship in mee doth use as savage,
 As palmers that make short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no oare to blash with me, (wint;
 To crosse their armes and hang their heads with
 To maske their browes and hide their infamy,
 But I alone; alone must sit and pine,
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brins,
 Mingling my talke with teares, my grief with grone
 Poore wailing monuments of lasting moer.

THE RAPE

So shall these *flowers* be *Kings*, and thou their *flour*:
 Thou *nobly base*, they *basely disguised*:
 Thou, their *faire life*, and they thy *faulter great*:
 Thou loathed in their *shame*, they in thy *pride*:
 The *lesser thing* should not the *greater* hide,
 The *Cedar* stoopes not to the *base shrubs* foot,
 But *low shrubs* wither at the *Cedars* root.

So let thy *thoughts* low *vassals* to thy *state*,
 No more, quoth he, by *heaven* I will not *heare* thee:
 Yeld to my *love*, if not, enforced *hate*:
 Instead of *loves* coy *touch* shall rudely *teare* thee:
 That done, despightfully I meane to *beare* thee
 Vnto the *base* bed of some *rascall* *groome*,
 To be thy *partner* in this *shamefull* *doome*.

This said, he sets his foot vpon the *light*,
 For *light* and *lust* are deadly *enemies*:
 Shame folded vp in blind concealing *night*,
 VVhen most vnseen, then most doth tyrannise.
 The *Wolfe* hath seiz'd his *prey*, the poor *Lamb* cries
 Till with her owne *white fleece* her *voice* controlld,
 Intombs her outcry in her lips *sweet fold*.

For with the *nightly linnets* that she *wears*,
 He pens her *piteous* clamors in her *head*,
 Cooling his *hot face* in the *chafteft* *trawes*,
 That euer *modest eyes* with *sorrow* shed.
 O that *foule lust* should staine so *pure a bed*:
 The *spots* whereof could weeping *purifie*:
 Her *teares* should drop on them *perpetually*.

But she hath lost a *dearer* thing than *life*,
 And he hath won what he would *lose* againe:
 This forced league doth force a further *strife*,
 This momentary *joy* breeds *moneths* of *paine*,
 This *hot desire* converts to *cold* *disdaine*:
 Pure *Chastity* is rifled of her *store*,
 And *lust*, the theefe, far poorer than before.

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OF LYCRETE

Looke as the full-fed *Hound* or gorged *Hawke*,
 Vnapare tender *swift* or speedy *flight*,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether banke
 The prey wherein by nature they delight:
 So surfeit-taking *Tarquin* feares this night.
 His taste delicious, in digestion sorrowing,
 Devoures his will, that liu'd by soule deuouring.

O deeper sinne than bottomelesse conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
 Nor he can see his owne abomination.
 VVhile last is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curbe his heat, or reine his rash desire,
 Till like a Iade, selfe will himselfe doth tire.

And then with lank and leine discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knis brow, and strengthlesse pace,
 Feeble desire all recitant, poore and meeke,
 Like to a bankrupt begger wailes his case:
 The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
 For there it reuels, and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this foule-full Lord of Rome,
 VVho this accomplishment so hotly chased;
 For now against himselfe he sounde this doome,
 That through the length of times he stands disgraced
 Besides, his soules faire temple is defaced:
 To whose weak waite must multiply troopes of cares,
 To ask the spotted *princess* how she fares.

She saies her subiect with foule insurrection,
 Have barrad downe her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortall sin brought in rebellion
 Her immortality, and made her churll
 To liuing death and paine perpetuall.
 VVhich in her performer she controlled still,
 But her *sin* could not forestall she it will.

Even

THE RAPE

All which together like a troubled Ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky, and wrack-threatening beere,
 To soften it with their continuall motion:
 For *stones* dissolu'd, no *water* doe conuert,
 Or if no harder than a *stone* thou art,
 Melt at my teares and be compassionate,
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In *Tarquin* likeness I did enuaine thee,
 Hast thou put on his shape to doe him shame?
 To all the *best* of heauen I complaine mee,
 Thou wrongst his *Honor*, woundst his princely name:
 Thou art not what thou *seemest*, and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou *art*, a *God*, a *King*,
 For *Kings* like *Gods* should gouerne euery thing.

How will thy *shame* be sceded in thine age,
 V When thus thy *uices* bud before thy *spring*?
 If in thy *hope* thou dar'st doe such outrage,
 V What dar'st thou not when once thou art a *King*?
 O be remembred, no outrageous thing
 From *vill* actors can be wipt away
 Then *Kings* misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed shall make thee only lou'd for feare,
 But happy *Monarchs* still are feard for loue:
 V With soule offenders thou perforce must beare,
 V When they in thee the like offences proue:
 If but for feare of this, thy *will* remove.
 For Princes are the *glasse*, the *steele*, the *booke*,
 V Where subjects eyes doe learn, doe read, doe looke.

And wilt thou be the *steele* where *lust* shall leame?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
 V Wilt thou be *glasse* wherein it shall discerne
 Authority for *sinne*, warrant for blame?
 To priuiledge *disbeuour* in thy name.
 Thou back'st *reproch* against long liuing laud,
 And mak'st faire *Reputation* but a brand.

Hast

OF LVCRECE.

Hast thou commanded by him that gaue it thee
From a pure heart commanded thy rebell will :
Drawnde thy sword to gird iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill,
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill
When patterned by thy fault, soule sinne, may say,
He leard to sinne, and thou didst teach the way ?

Thinke but how vile a *spectacle* it were,
To view thy present *trespass* in another :
Mens faults doe seldome to themselves appeare,
Their owne transgressions partially they imother :
Thus *guilt* would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That from their own *misdeeds* askeance their eyes.

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,
Not to seducing *lust* thy rash reply :
I sue for exile *maiesties* repeale,
Let him returne and flattering thoughts retire.
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim *mist* from thy douring eyes,
That thou shalt see thy *state* and pittie mine.

Huic done, quoth he, my vncontrolled tide
Turnes not, but swellts the higher by this let,
Small *lights* are soone blowne out, huge *fires* abide,
And with the wind in greater fury firet :
The pretty *braciers* that pay a dayly debt
To their false *soveraigne* with their false faith,
Adde to this *flaw*, but alter not the *case*.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a soveraigne King,
And loe, these false men thy boundlesse flood,
Blacked *lust*, *disobedience*, *shame*, *misgoverning*,
VWho seek to sturme the Ocean of thy blood.
If all these *perry* ill shall change thy good,
Thy *sea* within a *puddle* wombe is berfed,
And now the *puddle* in thy *sea* dispersed.

7

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So

THE RAPE

Onight thou *furnace* of soule recking smoke;
 Let not the icalous day behold that face
 VWhich vnderneath thy blacke all hiding cloake
 Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.
 Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy *shade*.

Make me not obiect to the tel-tale *day*,
 The light shall shew charactred in my brow,
 The *story* of sweet *chastities* decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlockes *vow*.
 Yea, the illiterate that know not how
 To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
 VWill quote my lothsome trespassse in my lookes.

The *nurse* to still her *child* will tell my *story*,
 And fright her crying *babe* with *Tarquins* name:
 The *Orator* to decke his oratory,
 VWill couple my reproch to *Tarquins* shame,
 Feast finding minstrels tuning my defame
 VWill tie the hearers to attend each line,
 How *Tarquins* wronged me, I *Colatine*.

Let my *good name*, that senselesse reputation,
 For *Colatines* deare *loue* be kept vnspotted:
 If that be made a *theme* for *disputation*,
 The *branches* of another *root* are rotted,
 And vnderferu'd *reproch* to him allotted,
 That is as cleare from this taint of mine,
 As I ere this, was pure to *Colatine*.

O vnseene *shame*, inuisible disgrace!
 O vnfelt *fore*, creit-wounding priuate *scarre*!
 Reproch is stamp't in *Colatines* face,
 And *Tarquins* eye may read the *note* a far,
 How he in *peace* is wounded, not in *war*.
 Al is how many bear such shameful *blowes*, (knows?)
 VWhich not themselves but he that giues them

If

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OF LVCRECE.

If *Colatine*, thine honor lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft:
My hony lost, and I a *Drye*-like Bee,
Hauie no perfection of my sommer left,
But robd and ransackt by iniurious theft.
In thy weake *hiue* a wandring *Waspe* hath crept,
And suckt the hony which thy chaste *Nee* kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honors wracke,
Yet for thy honor did I entertaine him;
Commig from thee, I could not put him backe:
For it had been dishonor to dislaine him,
Besides, of *weariuesse* he did complaine him:
And talkt of *vertue* (O vnlookt for euill,
When vertue is prophand in such a *Dine*!)

Why should the worme intrude the maiden bud?
Or hatefull *Cuckowes* hatch in *Sparrowes* nests?
Or *Todes* infect faire founts with venome mud?
Or Tyrant *Folly* lurke in gentle breasts?
Or *Kings* be breakers of their owne *benefits*?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some iniquity doth not pollure.

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,
Is plagu'd with *cramps*, and *gouts*, and painefull fits,
And scarce hath eies his *casare* to behold,
But like still pining *Tantalus* he sits,
And vselesse bannes the harvest of his wits:
Hauing no other pleasure of his *gaine*,
But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vse it,
And leaues it to be *maistrea* by his *young*,
Who in their *pride* doe presently abuse it:
Their father was too weake, and they too strong:
To hold their curst blessed fortune long,
The *sweets* we wish oft turne to louthed *sowres*,
Even in the *moment* that we call them *ours*.

THE RAPE.

Varly blasts wait on the tender *Spring*,
 Vnholosome *Weeds* take root with precious *flowers*:
 The *Adder* huffeth where the sweet *birds* sing:
 What *vertue* breeds, *iniquity* deuours:
 VVe haue no *good* that we can say it ours:
 But all annexed *Opportunity*,
 Or kills his *life*, or elie his *quality*.

O *Opportunity* thy galls is great;
 Tis thou that excus'st the *traitors* treason:
 Thou'st the *Wolfe* where he the *Lambe* may get:
 Who euer plots the *sinne*, thou points the *season*.
 Tis thou that spurn'st at *right*, at *law*, at *reason*.
 And in thy *sludy Cell* where none may spie her,
 Sins *Sinne* to seize the *soules* that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the *vestall* violate her oath:
 Thou blow'st the *fire* when *Temperance* is thaw'd:
 Thou smother'st *honesty*, thou murder'st *truth*:
 Thou foule *abettor*, thou *notorious band*:
 Thou plant'st *scandall*, and displac'st *laud*.
 Thou *rauisher*, thou *traitor*, thou *false rberst*,
 Thy *hony* turnes to *gall*, thy *ly* to *griefe*.

Thy *secret pleasure* turnes to open *shame*:
 Thy *private* scalling to a *publike fall*:
 Thy *smothering* titles to a *ragged name*:
 Thy *swag'ell tongue* to bitter *wormwood* taste:
 Thy *uile* *vanities* can neuer last.
 How comes it then, vile *opportunity*,
 Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble *Supplicants* friend,
 And bring him where his *suitt* may be obtained?
 VVhen wilt thou set an *honest* *great* *strife* to end?
 Or free that *soule* which *wretchednes* hath chained?
 Giue *physicke* to the *sicke* *seale* to the *pained*?
 The *poore* *Lame* *blinde* *hale* *creep*, cry out for thee;
 But they nere met with *opportunity*.

The

OF LVCRECE.

The Patient dies while the *physician* sleeps:
 The Orphan pines while the *Oppressor* feeds:
 Justice is feasting while the *widow* weeps:
 Aduise is sporting while *infection* breeds,
 Thou grant'st no time for *charitable* deeds,
Wrath, enuy, treason, rape, and murder rages,
 Thy *hainous* *houres* wait on them as their *pages*.

When *Truth* and *Virtue* have to doe with thee,
 A thousand *crosses* keepe them from thy *aid*:
 They buy thy *salpe*, but *Sinne* nere *gives* a free
 He *gratis* comes, and thou art well *apaid*
 As well to *bear*, as *grant* what hee hath *said*.
 My *Calatine* would else haue come to me:
 VWhen *Tarquin* did, but he was *said* by thee.

Guilty thou art of *murder* and of *theft*,
 Guilty of *perjury* and *subordination*,
 Guilty of *treason*, *forgery* and *theft*,
 Guilty of *incest* that *abomination*,
 An *accessary* by thine *inclination*
 To all *sinne*: *past*, and all that are to *come*,
 From the *creation* to the generall *doome*.

Mishapen *time*, copesmate of *vgly night*,
 Swift *subtile* *post*, carrier of *grilly care*,
 Exer of *youth*, *false* *flame* to *false* *delight*,
 Bise *watch* of *woes*, *sins* *packe-horse*, *vertues* *snare*:
 Thou *nurtest* all, and *murderest* all that are:
 O *heare* me then *iniurious* *lifting time*,
 Be *guilty* of my *death*, since of my *crime*.

VWhy hath thy *Servant* *Opportunity*
 Betray'd the *houres* thou gav'st me to *repose*?
 Canceled my *fortunes* and *inchain'd* me
 To *endlesse* *date* of *never-ending* *woes*?
 Times *office* is to *fine* the *hate* of *foes*,
 To *eate* *vp* *error* by *opinion* *bred*,
 Not *spend* the *dowry* of a *lawfull* *bed*.

THE RAPE

Times glory is to calme contending *Kings*,
 To vnmaske *falsehood*, and bring truth to light,
 To stampe the seale of *time* in aged things,
 To wake the *morne*, and *sentinell* the night,
 To wrong the *wronger* till he render right,
 To ruinate *proud* buildings with thy *bowes*
 And smear with *dust* their glittering golden *squires*.

To fill with *worme-holes* stately *monuments*,
 To feede *obliuion* with decay of things,
 To blot old *bookes*, and alter their contents,
 To plucke the *quills* from ancient *Rauens* wings.
 To dry the old *oakes* sap, and chetish *springs*.
 To spoile *antiquities* of hammered *Steele*,
 And turne the giddy round of *Fortunes* wheele.

To shew the beldame *laughters* of her *daughter*,
 To make the *child* a man, the man a child,
 To slay the *Tyger* that doth liue by slaughter,
 To tame the *Vnicorne* and *Lion* wilde,
 To mocke the *subtile* in themselves beguilde;
 To cheere the *plowman* with increasefull *crops*,
 And waste huge *stones* with little *water* drops.

V Why workst thou mischief in thy *pilgrimage*,
 Vnlesse thou couldst returne to make amends?
 One poore retyring *minute* in an age,
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
 Lending him *wit*, that to bad debtors lends, (backe,
 O this dread *night*, wouldst thou one boure come
 I could preuent this *storme* and shunt his wracke.

Thou ceaselesse lackie to *Eternity*,
 With some mischance crosse *Taquin* in his flight,
 Deuise *extreames* beyond extremity
 To make him curse this cursed crimefull *night*:
 Let gaily *shadows* his lewd eyes affright,
 And the due *thought* of his committed euill,
 Shpe euery bush a hideous *shapelesse* *Duell*.

D. Scurbe

OF LVCRECE.

Disturbe his *bowres* of rest with restless *trances*,
 Afflict him in his *bed* with bedred *groanes* :
 Let there bechance him pitifull *mischaunces* :
 To make him *more*, but pittie not his *mones* :
 Stone him with hardened harts *harder* than stones,
 And let mild *women* to him loose their *mildnesse*.
 VVilder to him than *Tigers* in their *wildnesse*.

Let him haue *time* to teare his curled haire,
 Let him haue *time* against himselfe to raue,
 Let him haue *time* of times helpe to despaire,
 Let him haue *time* to liue a loathed *slau*,
 Let him haue *time* a beggers *orts* to craue :
 And time to see one that by *almes* doth liue,
 Disdaine to him disdained *scrips* to giue.

Let him haue time to see his *friends* his foes,
 And merry *fooles* to mocke at him resort.
 Let him haue time to marke how slow *time* goes
 In time of *sorrow*, and how swift and short
 His time of *folly*, and his time of *sport* :
 And euer let him vnrerecall *time*,
 Haue time to waile th' *abusing* of his time.

O time thou *tutor* both to good and *bad*,
 Teach me to curse him that thou teaches this *ill*,
 At his owne *shadow* let the *theefe* run mad,
 Himselfe, himselfe seeke euery houre to kill,
 Such wretched *hands* such wretched *bloud* should
 For who so base would such an *office* haue, (spill,
 As slanderous *deathis-man* to so base a *slau* ?

The baser is he, comming from a *King*,
 To shame his *hope* with *deeds* degenerate,
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him *honour'd* or begets him *base* :
 For greatest *scandall* waits on greatest *base*.
 The *Moon* being clouded presently is mist,
 But little *Starres* may hide them when they list.

THE RAPE

The *Crow* may bathe his cole-black wings in mire,
 And vnperceiu'd flye with the filth away,
 But if the like the snow-white *Swan* desire,
 The staine vpon his siluer *Downe* will stay,
 Poore *groomes* are sightles night, *Kings* glorious day,
Onats are vnnoted wheresoeere they flye,
 But *Eagle* gaz'd vpon with cucky eye.

Our idle words, seruants to shallow fooles
 Vnprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,
 Busie our selues in skil-contending schooles,
 Debate where leasure serues with dull debators:
 To trembling *Clients* be you mediators
 For me, I force not argument a straw,
 Since that my case is past the helpe of law.

In vaine I traile at *Opportunity*,
 At *Time*, at *Tarquin*, and vnsearchfull night:
 In vaine I caull with mine *infamy*,
 In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd *despight*:
 This helplesse smoke of words doth me no right:
 The remedy indeed to doe me good,
 Is to let forth my soule defiled blood.

Poore hand, why quierest thou at this decree?
 Honor thy selfe to rid me of this shame,
 For if I die, my *Honor* liues in thee,
 But if I liue, thou liu'st in my *defame*:
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall *Dame*,
 And wast affeard to scratch her wicked *Foe*,
 Kill both thy selfe and her for yeelding so.

This sud from her betumbled couch she starts,
 To finde some desperate instrument of death,
 But this no slaughter-house, no toole imparts,
 To make more vent for passage of her breath,
 Which thrung through her *lips* so vanisheth
 As smoke from *Aetna*, that in aire consumes,
 O, that which from discharged *Canon* fumes,

OF LVCRECE.

In vaine (quoth she) I liue, and seeke in vaine
 Some happy *meane* to end a haplesse life :
 I fear'd by *Tarquins Fauchiqua* to be Haine,
 Yet for the selte-same purpose seeke a *knife*.
 But when I heard, I was a loyall wife ;
 So am I now : O no, that cannot be,
 Of that true *type* hath *Tarquius* tisted me.

O that is gone, for which I sought to liue,
 And therefore now I need not feare to die,
 To cleare this *spot* by *death* (at least) I giue
 A badge of fame to *saunders liue*,
 A dying life to liuing infamy,
 Poore helplesse *helpe* the *treasure* stolne away,
 To burne the guiltlesse *caske* where it lay.

VVell, well, deare *Colatine* thou shalt not know
 The stained tast of violated troth :
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath :
 This bastard *grassie* shall neuer come to growth,
 He shall not boast who did thy *stocke* pollute,
 That thou art doting *Father* of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret *thought*,
 Nor laugh with his *companions* at thy *state*,
 But thou shalt know thy *interest* was not bought
 Basely with *gold*, but stolne from forth thy *gate* :
 For me I am the *mistresse* of my fate
 And with my *trespasse* neuer will dispence,
 Till *life* to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poison thee with my *attaint*,
 Nor fold my *fault* in cleanly coyn'd excuses,
 My *suble ground* with *flune* I will not paint,
 To hide the *truth* of this false nightes abuses :
 My tongue shall utter all mine eyes like *flucers*
 As from a *mountaine* spring that feeds a *dale*,
 Shall gush pure *streames* to purge my impure tale.

THE RAPE

9
Lucret
 continu-
 ing her la-
 ments,
 disputeth
 whether
 she should
 kill her
 selfe or no

By this lamenting *philamela* had ended,
 The well-tund *warble* of her nightly sorrow;
 And solemn *night* with slow sad gate descended
 To vgly Hell, when loe the blushing morrow
 Lends light to al faire eyes that light would borrow;
 But cloudy *Lucret* shames her selfe to see,
 And therefore still in night would cloistred be.

Reucaling *day* through every *cranny* spies,
 And seemes to point her out where she sits weeping;
 To whom she sobbing speaks, O eye of eyes,
 why pry'st thou through my *window* hence thy peeping
 Mock with thy tickling *beames* eies that are sleeping,
 Brand not my *forehead* with thy piercing light,
 For *day* hath nought to doe whats done by night.

This cauls the with every thing she sees,
 True *griefe* is fond and tellie as a *childe*,
 Who way-ward once, his *good* with nought agrees,
 Old woes, not infant *sorrowes* beare them *milde*;
Centaur came the one, the other wilde
 Like an vnpractis'd *swimmer* plunging still,
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she deepe drenched in a *Sea* of care,
 Holds disputation with each thing she viewes,
 And to her selfe all *sorrow* doth compare,
 No object but her *passions* strength reueres,
 And as one shifts, another straight ensues,
 Sometimes her *griefe* is dumbe and hath no words,
 Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

The little *birds* that tune their *mornings* ioy,
 Make her *hunts* mad with their *sweet* melody,
 For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,
 Sad *shales* are shaine in merry company,
Griefe best is pleased with *griefes* societie:
 True *sorrow* then is feelingly suffr'd,
 When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

Tis

OF LVCRECE.

Tis double death to drowne in ken of *show*;
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding *feed*,
 To see the *flue* doth make the *wound* ake more;
 Great griefe grieues most at that would doe it good;
 Deepe *wees* roule forward like a gentle *flod*,
 VWho being stopp'd, the bounding *hills* oreflowes,
 Griefe dallied with, nor *low* nor *limit* knowes.

You mocking *Birds* (quoth *he*) your *notes* intombe
 VVithin your hollow swelling feathered *breasts*,
 And in my hearing be you euer dumbe,
 My cellistic *disord* lones no *stops* nor *rest*:
 A wofull *base* brooks not merry *gates*:
 Relish your nimble *notes* to pleasing *eares*,
Disrest likes *dumps* when *time* is kept with *tears*.

Come *philomela* that singst of *rauisments*,
 Make thy sad *groan* in my dishewd *haire*,
 As the danke *earth* weepes at thy languishment,
 So I at each sad *straine* will *straine* a *teare*,
 And with deepe *groanes* the *Diapason* beare:
 For *burthen-wife* Ile *bum* on *Tarquin* still,
 VVhile thou on *Tereus* descants better *skill*.

And whiles against a *stone* thou bear'st thy *port*,
 To keepe thy sharpe *wees* waking, wretched I
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 VVill fixe a sharpe *knife*, to affright mine *eye*,
 VVho if it winke shall thereon fall and die.
 These *meanes* as *frets* vpon an *instrument*,
 Shall turne our *heart-strings* to true languishment.

And for poore *bird* thou sing'st not in the *day*,
 As shaming any *eye* should thee behold,
 Some darke deepe *desart* fenced from the *way*,
 That knowes nor parching *heat*, nor freezing *cold*
 Will we finde out: and there we will vnfold
 To *creatures* stern, sad *tones* to change their *kinds*,
 Since *men* proue *beasts*, let *beasts* bear gentle *minds*

As

THE RAPE

As the poore frighted *Deere* that stands at gaze,
VVildely determining which way to fly,
Or one in compast with a winding *snare*,
That cannot tread the way our readily:
So with her selfe is she in mutinie,
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
VVhen life is sham'd and death reproches debter.

To kill my selfe, quoth she, slacke what were it
But with my *body* my poore soules pollution?
They that lose *halfe* with greater patience beate it,
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That *mother* tries a mercilesse conclusion
Who having two sweet *babes* when death takes one
VVill slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My *Body*, or soule, which was the dearer?
VVhen the one pure, the other made diuine;
Whose loue, of either, to my selfe was nearer?
VVhen both were kept for *Heauen* and *Colatine*:
Ay me, the *barke* pild from the lofty *pine*
His *leaves* will wither and his *sap* decay,
So must my *soule*, her *barke* being pild away.

Her *house* is sackt, her *quiet* interrupted,
Her *mansion* battered by the enemy,
Her sacred *Temple* spotted, spoild, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy,
Then let it not be cald *impiety*
If in this blemish part I make some *hole*:
Through which I may conuey this troubled *soule*.

Yet die I will not till my *Colatine*
Hauc heard the cause of my vntimely *death*,
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,
Reuenge on *him* that made me stop my breath,
My stained blood to *Tarquins* bequeath,
VVhich by him tainted, shall for him be spent
And as his due, writ in my *Testament*.

OF LVCRECE.

My *Honor* ile bequeath vnto the *knife*,
That wounds my *body* so dishonored :
Tis *Honor* to deprue dishonored life,
The one will liue, the other being dead,
So of *shames ashes* shall my *Fame* be bred :
For in my death I murder *shamefull scorne*,
My *shame* so dead, my *honor* is new borne.

Deare Lord of that deare *Jewell* I haue lost,
VWhat *legacy* shall I bequeath to thee ?
My resolution, *love* shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reueng'd must be.
How *Tarquins* must be vs'd read it in me.
My selfe thy *friend* will kill my selfe thy *foe*,
And for my sake serue thou false *Tarquins* so.

This briefe *abridgement* of my will I make,
My *soule* and *body* to the *skies* and *ground*,
My resolution (*Husband*) doe you take,
Mine *honor* be the *knifes* that makes my *wound*,
My *shame* be his that did my *fame* confound.
And all my *fame* that liues disburied, be
To those that liue and thinke no *shame* of me.

Then *Colatines* shall oversee this will,
How was I ouersene that thou shalt see it ?
My *bloud* shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
My *lifes soule* deed my *lifes faire end* shall free it.
Faint not faint *heart*, but stoutly say, so be it.
Yeeld to my *hand*, and it shall conquer thee,
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of *death* when sadly she had laid,
And wip't the brinish *pearle* from her bright *eyes*,
VVith vntun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her *maid*,
VVhose swift obedience to her *mistrasse* hies,
For fleet-wing'd *duty* with *thoughts* *tearers* flies ;
Poore *Lucrece* checkes vnto her *maid* seeme so,
As winter *meades* when *sun* doth melt their *snow*. Husband
Her word.

10
Lucrece
resolved
to kil her
selfe de-
termines
first to
send her
Husband
Her word.

THE RAPE

Her *missresse* she doth giue demure *good morrow*
 VVith soft slow tongue, true *markes* of modesty,
 And sorts a sad looke to her *Ladies* sorrow,
 (For why her face wore *sorrows* liuery,
 But durst not aske of her audaciously,
 VVhy her two *suns* were cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her faire *cheeks* ouer-washt with *woe*.

But as the *earth* doth weepe the *Sun* being set,
 Each *flower* moystned like a melting *eye* :
 Euen so the *maid* with swelling *drops* gan wet
 Her circled *eye*, enforc'd by sympathy
 Of those faire *Suns* set in her mistres *skie*,
 VVho in a salt-wau'd *Ocean* quench their *light*,
 Which makes the *maid* weepe like the dewy *night*.

A prettie while these pretty *creatures* stand,
 Like *iuory* conduits corall *cessernes* filling :
 One iustly weepes, the other takes in hand ;
 No cause, but company of her *drops* spilling,
 Their gentle *sex* to weepe are often willing,
 Griuing themselves to gesse at other *smarts*, (*harts*
 And then they drown their *eyes*, or breake their

For *men* haue marble, *women* waxen *minds*,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;
 The weake oppress'd, th' impression of strange *kinds*,
 Is form'd in them by *force*, by *fraud* or *skill*.
 Then call them not the *Authors* of their ill,
 No more than *waxe* shall be accounted euill,
 VVherein is stamp't the semblance of a *diuell*.

Their smoothnesse like a *champaigne* plaine,
 Layes open all the little *wormes* that creepe,
 In *men* as a rough growne *grove* remaine
 Cause-keeping *euils* that obicurely sleepe.
 Through chrystall *walles* ech little *mote* will peepe :
 Though *men* can couer *crimes* with bold stern *looks*,
 Poore *womens* faces are their owne faults *bookes*.

No

OF LVCRECE.

No *man* inuicighs agaiust the withered *flowre*,
 But chides rough *winter* that the *flowre* hath kild,
 Not that *deuour'd*, but that which doth *deuoure*
 Is worthy blame; & let it not be held
 Poore *womens* faults, that they are so fulfild
 VVith mens *abuses*, those proud *Lords* to blame,
 Make weake-made *women* tenants to their *shame*.

The *president* whereof in *Lucrece* view,
 Assail'd by *night* with *circumstances* strong
 Of present *death* and *shame* that might ensue,
 By that her death to doe her *husband* wrong:
 Such danger to *resistance* did belong
 The dying *fear* through all her *body* spread,
 And who cannot abuse a *body* dead?

By this milde patience bid faire *Lucrece* speake
 To the poore *counterfeit* of her complaining:
 My *girl*, quoth she, on what occasion breake
 Those *teares* from thee, that down thy *cheeks* are rai-
 If thou dost weep for *griefe* of my sustaining, (ning,
 Know gentle *wench*, it small auails my moode,
 If *teares* could helpe, mine own would do me good

But tell me *girl*, when went (and there she staid,
 Till after a deepe *grone*) *Tarquin* from hence?
 Madam ere I was vp (repli'd the *maid*),
 The more to blame my *suggard negligence*:
 Yet with the *fault* I thus farre can dispence,
 My selfe was stirring ere the breake of *day*,
 And ere I rose was *Tarquin* gone awry.

But Lady, if your *maid* may be so bold,
 She would request to know your *heaviness*.
 O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it lesse:
 For more it is than I can well expresse,
 And that deepe *torture* may be cald a *Hell*,
 VVhen more is felt than one hath power to tell.

THE RAPE

Goe, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,
 Yet sue that labour for I haue them here,
 (VWhat should I say?) one of my husbands men,
 Bid thou be ready by and by to beare
 A Letter to my Lord, my lone, my deare;
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
 The cause craves halt, and it will sone be writ.

Her maide is gone and she prepares to write,
 First hovering ore the paper with her quill.
 Conceit and griefe in eager combat fight,
 VWhat *Wit* sets downe is blotted still with *Will*,
 This is too *curious* good, this *blunt* and ill.
 Much like a praise of people in a dore,
 Throng her inuentions which shall goe before,

At last she thus begins: Thou worthy Lord
 Of that vnworthy wife that greeteth thee,
 Health to thy person, next vouchsafes et afford
 (If euer, Lone, thy *Lacerte* thou wilt see)
 Some present speed to come and visit me,
 So I commend me from our house in griefe,
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brieue.

Here folds she vp the *reuer* of her wee,
 Her certaine *sorrow* writ vncertainly,
 By this short schedule *Celarine* may know
 Her griefe, but not her griefes true quality,
 She dares not thereof make discouery,
 Lest he should hold it her owne grosse abuse,
 For shee with *blame* had stinde her stund excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,
 VWhen sighes and groans and teares may grace the
 Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her (fashion
 From that *suspition* which the world might beare her
 To shun this blot she would not blot the letter.
 VVith words, still action might become them better.

OF LVCRECE.

To see sad sighs moves more than heare them told :
 For then the eye interprets to the eare
 The heavy *motion* that it doth behold
 VVhen every part a part of *sorrow* doth beare :

Tis but a part of *sorrow* that we heare.
 Deep *sounds* make lesser noise than shallow *sounds*,
 And *sorrow* thus being blown with wind of words.

Her *letter* now is sealed, and on it writ,
 At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than haste :
 The *post* attends, and she deliueis it,
 Charging the *soueraine* *groom* to hie as fast
 As lagging *soules* before the *Northerne* blast.
 Speed more than *speed*, but dull and slow she deems,
 Extremity still vrgeth such extremes.

The homely *villaine* caries to her love,
 And blushing on her with a stedfast eye
 Receiues the *strall* without de ye or no,
 And forth with bashfull *innocence* doth flie :
 But they whose *guilt* within their *bosomes* lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame :
 For *Lucrece* thought he blush'd so see her shame,

VVhen silly *Groom* (God wot) it was defect
 Of *spirit*, *lift*, and bold *audacity*,
 Such *humble* creatures haue a true respect
 To talke in *deeds*, while other *saule*.
 Promise more speed, but doe it leasurely.
 Even to this *patience* of the *woome* our age,
 Prou'd *honest* *ladies* but sayd no words so gage,

His kindled *fire* kindled her *mistrust*,
 That two red *fires* in both their *faces* blaz'd,
 She thought he blush'd as knowing *Tarquins* lust,
 And blushing with him, vnto him gaz'd,
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish.
 The more she thought he spied in her some *blemish*.

But

THE RAPE

But long she thinks till he returne againe,
 And yet the duteous *vassall* scarce is gone,
 The weary *time* she cannot entertaine,
 For now tis stale to *sigh*, to *weepe*, and *grone*,
 So woe hath wearied *woe*, *mone* tyred *mone*,
 That she her *plaints* a little while doth stay,
 Pawing for *meanes* to mourne some newer way.

At last she calls to minde where hangs a peece
 Of skilfull *painting* made for *priams* *Troy*,
 Before the which is drawn the power of *Greece*,
 For *Helens* rape the city to destroy,
 Threatning cloud-kissing *Ilion* with annoy;
 VWhich the conceited *painter* drew so proud,
 As *heauen* (it seemd) to kisse the *turrets* bow'd.

A thousand lamentable *objects* there
 In scorne of *Nature*, *Art* gaue *liueliffe* life:
 Many a dire *drop* seemd a weeping teare,
 Shed for the slaughtered *husband* by a *wife*.
 The red *bloud* reek'd to shew the *painters* strife,
 And dying *eyes* gleemd forth their ashy *lights*,
 Like dying *coales* burnt out in tedious *nights*.

There might you see the labouring *piguer*
 Begrind with *sweat*, and smeared all with *dust*,
 And from the *soures* of *Troy* there would appeare
 The very *eyes* of *men* through *loope-holes* thrust;
 Gazing vpon the *Greekes* with little lust:
 Such sweet *obseruance* in this *worke* was had,
 That one might see those faine off *eyes* looke sad.

In great *Commanders*, *Grace* and *Maiesty*
 You might behold triumphing in their *faces*,
 In youth *quick-beating* and *dexterity*,
 And *here* and *there* the *painter* interlaces
 Pale *cowards* marching on with trembling *paces*.
 Which hartlesse *peasants* did so well resemble, (ble.
 That one wold swear, he saw them quake and trem-

OF LVCRECE.

In *Ajax* and *Vlysses*, O what *Art*
 Or *physiognomy* might one behold !
 The face of either cipher'd eithers heart,
 Their face, their *maners* most exprelly told.
 In *Ajax* eyes blun *rage* and *rigor* rol'd.
 But the mild glance that *sue Vlysses* lent,
 Shew'd *despe regard* and *smiling gouernment*.

There pleading might you see graue *Nestor* stand,
 As, twere incouraging the *Greekes* to fight,
 Making such sober *action* with his hand,
 That it beguild *attention*, charmd the *fight*,
 In *speech* it seemd his beard, all *silver white*,
 VVagd vp and downe, and from his *lips* did flie
 Thin winding *breath*, which purld vp to the *skie*.

About him were a *preste* of *gaping faces*,
 Which seemd to swallow vp his sound *aduis* :
 All ioyntly listning, but with seuerall *graces*,
 As if some *Mermaid* did their *eares* intise;
 Some high, some low, the *painter* was so nice,
 The *scalpes* of many almost hid behind,
 To jump vp higher seemd to mocke the *mind*.

Here one mans *hand* leand on anothers *head*,
 His *nose* being shadowed by his neighbors *care*,
 Here one being throngd beares back all boln & red,
 Another smothered, seemes to pelt and siveare,
 And in their *rage* such *signes* of *rage* they beare,
 As but for losse of *Nestors* golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry *swords*.

For much *imaginary worke* was there :
 Conceit decentfull, so compact, so kinde,
 That for *Achilles* image stood his *peare*
 Gript in an armed *band*, himsele behinde
 Was left viscen, *sue* to the eye of *mind* :
 A *hand*, a *foote*, a *face*, a *leg*, a *head*,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

D

And

THE RAPE

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, mourning by,
To see their youthfull souers bright weapons yield,
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their like joy seemed to appeare,
(Like bright things in sun) a kind of beayse face.

And from the sword of Dardus where they fought,
To Simois ready banks the red blood ran,
VWhose stream to mingle the blood sought,
VVith swelling rages, and their ranks began
To breake vpon the gall'd shore, and then
Retreating till meeting greater ranks of heere
They ioyned, and shot their some at Simois heere.

To this well pauced place is Lucrece comen to
To finde a place where all distress is held,
Mny the lees, where care hath carued found,
But none where all distress and dolor dwells,
Till the despairing Hebe beheld
Staring on her wounds with her old eyes
VWhich bleeding vnder Pyrrus proud feet lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Times nine, Beauties, and a virgin Carer
Her cheeks with chape and mourning were disguis'd
Of what she was, no semblance did remaine,
Her blew blood chang'd to blacke in euery vein,
VVanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Shew'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eies,
And shapeth her sorrow to the Helldams woes,
VWho nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruell foes.
The painter was no God to lend her those
And therefore Lucrece sweares he did her wrong,
To giue her so much grieve and not a tongue.

Poore

OF LVCRECE

Poore *infrment* (quoth she) without a *sound*,
 Ile tune thy *woes* with my *lamenting tongue* :
 And drop *sweet balme* in *priams* painted *wound*,
 And raise on *pyrrhus* that hath done him wrong,
 And with my *teares* quench *Troy* that burns so long:
 And with my *knife* scratch out the angry *eyes*
 Of all the *Greeks* that are thine *enemies*.

Shew me the *strumpet* that began this *si re*,
 That with thy *nails* her *beauty* I may *teare* :
 Thy *heat* of *lust* fond *paris* did incurre
 This *load* of *wrath* that burning *Troy* doth *bear* :
 Thy *eye* kindled the *fi re* that burneth here.
 And here in *Troy* for *trespasse* of thine *eye*,
 The *Sir*, the *Son*, the *Dame* and *Daughter* die.

VVhy should the *private pleasure* of some one
 Become the *publike plague* of many *moe* ?
 Let *fine* alone committed, light alone
 Vpon his *head* that hath transgressed so.
 Let guiltlesse *soules* be freed from guilty *woe*.
 For ones *offence* why should so many fall ?
 To plague a *private fine* in generall.

Loe here weepes *Hecuba*, here *priam* dies,
 Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troilus* sounds,
 Here *friend* by *friend* in bloody *channell* lies,
 And *friend* to *friend* gives vnaduis'd *wounds*,
 And one mans *lust* these many *lines* confounds.
 Had doting *priam* checkt his *sonnes* desire,
Troy had bin bright with *Fame*, and not with *fi re*.

Here feelingly she weeps *Troies* painted *woes*,
 For *sorrow*, like a heavy hanging *bell*,
 Once set on ringing, with his owne weight goes,
 Then little strength rings out the dolefull *knell* :
 So *Luc* set set aworke, *bad tales* doth tell,
 To pentild *penfuerse*, and colour'd *sorrow*, (roy.
 She lends them *words*, and she their *looks* doth bor-

THE RAPE

She throwes her eyes about the painted *round*,
 And who she finds forlorne she doth lament:
 At last she sees a wretched *image* bound,
 That piteous lookes to *phrygian* shepherds lent,
 His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content.
 Onward to *Troy* with these blunt *swaines* he goes,
 So mild, that *patience* seemd to scorne his woes.

In him the *painter* labour'd with his *skill*
 To hide deceit and give the harmlesse show,
 An humble *gate*, calme *lookes*, eyes wayling still,
 A brow vnbeent, that seemd to welcome woe,
Cheeks, neyther red nor pale, but mingled so,
 That *blushing* red, no guilty *instance* gaue,
 Nor ashy pale, the feare that false *bears* haue.

But like a constant and confirmed *Deuill*,
 He entertain'd a show so seeming iust,
 And therein so inconst this secret *euill*,
 That *zealousie* it selfe could not mistrust,
 False creeping *craft* and *perjury* should thrust
 Into so bright a day, such blackfac'd *stormes*,
 Or blot with bel-borne sin such *Saint-like* formes.

The well-skild *workman* this mild *image* drew
 For perjur'd *Simon*, whose inchanting *story*
 The credulous old *priam* after flew:
 Whose words like *wild-fire* burnt the shining glory
 Of rich built *Iliou*, that the *skies*, were sorry,
 And little *stormes* shot from their fixed places, (*ets.*)
 When their *glosse* fel wherein they view'd their fa-

This picture she aduisedly perus'd,
 And chid the *painter* for his wondrous *skill*:
 Saying, some shape in *Simons* was abus'd,
 So true as I me lody'd not a mind so ill,
 And still wa him she gaz'd and garing still.
 Such *figures* of truth in his plaine face she spied,
 That she concludes the *picture* was belied.

OF LVCRECE.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much *guile*,
 (She would haue said) can lurke in such a *Look*:
 But *Tarquins* shape came in her minde the while,
 And from her *tongue*, can lurke, from cannot, tooke
 It cannot be, she in that sense forooke,
 And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
 But such a face should beare a wicked *minde*.

For euen as subtile *Sinon* here is painted,
 So sober sad, so weary and so milde,
 (As if with *griefe* or trouble he had fainted,)
 To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguile
 With outward honesty, but yet deuil'd
 With inward vice: as *Prism* him did cherish,
 So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Looke, looke how listning *Prism* wets his eyes,
 To see those borrowed *teares* that *Sinon* sheds:
Prism why art thou *old*, and yet not *wise*?
 For euery *teare* he fals, a *Troian* bleeds:
 His eyes drop *fire*, no *water* thence proceeds
 Those round cleer *pearls* of his that moue thy pity
 Are *bats* of quenchlesse *fire* to burne the *City*.

Such *Diuels* steale effects from lightlesse *hell*,
 For *Sinon* in his *fire* doth quake with cold,
 And in that cold hot burning *fire* doth dwell,
 These *contraries* such vnjy do hold,
 Onely to flatter *fooles* and make them bold:
 So *Prisms* trust false *Sinons* *teares* doth flatter
 That he finds meanes to burn his *Troy* with *water*.

Here all inrag'd such *passion* her assailes,
 That *patience* is quite beaten from her *brauill*,
 She *teares* the senselesse *Sinon* with her *nails*,
 Comparing him to that vnhappy *quell*,
 Whose *deed* hath made herselfe herselfe detest;
 At last she smilingly with this giues ore,
 Foole, foole, quoth she, his *wounds* will not be sore.

THE RAPE

Thus *ebb* and *flowes* the current of her *sorrow*,
 And *time* doth weary *time* with her complaining,
 She looks for *night*, and then she longs for *morrow*,
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining,
 Short time seems long, in *sorrowes* sharpe sustaining;
 Though *woe* be heavy, yet it seldome sleeps,
 And they that watch, see *time* how slow it creeps.

VWhich all time hath ouerslipped her *thought*,
 That she with painted *images* hath spent.
 Being from the feeling of her owne *griefe* brought
 By deepe surmise of others *detriment*,
 Looking her *woes* in *shewes* of *discontent*:
 It eueneth some though none is euer cured,
 To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

Vpon *Lu-*
crece sen-
 ding for
Colatine in
 such hast,
 he with
 diuers of
 his allies
 & friends
 returnes
 home.

But now the mindfull *Messenger* comes backe,
 Brings home his *Lord* and other company,
 VWho finds his *Lucreece* clad in mourning blacke,
 And round about her teare-distained eye
 Blew circles streamed, like *Rainbowes* in the skie.
 These *watergalls* in her dim *Element*,
 Foretell new *stormes* to those already spent.

VWhich when her sad beholding husband saw,
 Amazedly in her sad *face* he stares:
 Her eyes though sod in *teares*, lookt red and raw,
 Her liuely colour kild with deadly cares,
 He hath no power to aske her how she fares,
 But stood like *old acquaintance* in a *trance*,
 Not far from home, wondering each others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,
 And thus begins: What vncouth ill *event*
 Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
 Sweet loue, what spite hath thy faire colour spent?
 Why art thou thus attir'd in *discontent*?
 What sick desire deare this moody *beauinesse*,
 And tell thy griefe, hat ye may giue redresse.

Three

OF LUCRECE.

Three times with *teares* she giues her *sorrow* fire,
 Ere once she can discharge one word of *woe* :
 At length addrest to answer his desire,
 She modestly prepares, to let them know
 Her *Honor* is tane prisoner by the *Foe*,
 VVhile *Colatime* and his consoorted *Lords*
 VVith sad attention long to heare her words.

And now this pale *Sonne* in her *watry* nest,
 Begins the *Dittie* of her certaine ending ;
 Few words (quoth *hee*) shall fit the *respasse* best,
 VVherein no *excuse* can giue the fault amending,
 In me more *weas* than words are now depending,
 And my *laments* would be drawne out too long,
 To tell them all with one poore tired *tongue*.

Then be this all the *task* it hath to say,
 Deare husband, in the interest of thy bed
 A *stranger* came, and on thine *pillow* lay,
 VVhere thou wast wont to rest thy weary head,
 And that wrong else may be imagined,
 By foule *inforcement* might be done to me,
 From that (alas) thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke mid-night,
 VVith shining *Fauchion* in my chamber came
 A creeping creature with a flaming light,
 And softly cryed, awake thou *Romane Dame* ;
 And entertaine my *Toures*, else lasting shame
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
 If thou my *loves* desire doe contradict.

For some hard *fauour* 'd *proome* of thine, quoth he
 Vnlesse thou yoke thy *living* to my will,
 Ile murder straight, and then Ile slaughter thee,
 And sweare I found you where you did fulfill
 The loathsome act of *Enff*, and so did kill
 The *Lechers* in their deed, this act will be
 My *fame* and thy perpetual *infamy*.

THE RAPE

VVith this I did begin to start and cry,
 And then against my *heart* he sets his *sword*,
 Swearing, vnlesse I tooke all patiently,
 I should not to speake another word.
 So should my *shame* still rest vpon *record*,
 And neuer be forgot in mighty *Rome*
 Th'adulterate death of *Lucrece* and her *groom*.

Mine *enemy* was *strong*, my poore selfe *weake*,
 (And farr the weaker with so strong a feare)
 My bloudy *Iudge* forbad my *tongue* to speake,
 No rightfull *plea* might plead for *Iustice* there.
 His *feareles lust* came euidence to *swear*,
 That my poore *beauty* had purloin'd his *eyes*;
 And when the *Iudge* is rob'd, the *prisoner* dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne *excuse*,
 Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde.
 Though my grosse *bloud* be stained with this *abuse*,
 Immaculate, and spotlesse is my *minde*,
 That was not forst, that neuer was inclin'd
 To accessary *yeelding*; but still pure
 Doth in her *possession* closet yet indure.

Loe here the hopelesse *Merchant* of his losse,
 VVith head inclin'd, and voice dam'd vp with *woe*,
 VVith sad set *eyes* and wretched *armes* acroste.
 From *lips* new waxen pale, begins to blow
 The *griefe* away, that stops his *answere* so.
 But wretched as he is, he strues in vaine,
 What he breathes out, his breath drinks vp againe.

As through an *Arch*, the violent roaring *Tide*,
 Out-runs the *eye* that doth behold his *haste*;
 Yet in the *Edge* boundeth in his *pride*,
 Backe to the *strait* that forst him on so fast:
 In *rage* sent out, recald in *rage* being past;
 Euen so his *sighs*, his *sorrowes* make a *law*,
 To putt *griefe* on and back the same *griefe* draw.

VVhich

OF LVCRECE.

VVhich speechlesse *woe* of his, poore she attendeth,
 And his vnmely *frer* thus awaketh,
 Deare *Lord*, thy sorrow to my *sorrow* lendeth
 Another *power*, no *floud* by raining flaketh,
 My *woe* too sensible thy *passion* maketh,
 More feeling painefull let it then suffice
 To drowne one *woe*, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
 For she that was thy *Lucretia*, now attend me,
 Be suddenly reuenged on my *foe*,
Thine, *mine*, his *owne*, suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past, the *helpe* that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the *Traitor* die:
 For sparing *Iustice* feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you faire *Lords*, quoth she,
 (Speaking to those that came to *Colatino*)
 Shall plight your honourable *saihs* to me,
 VVith swift pursuit to venge this *wrang* of mine,
 For tis a meritorious faire *designe*,
 To chase *Iniustice* with reuengefull *armes*, (harmes.
Knights by their oaths should right poore *Ladies*

At this *request*, with noble disposition,
 Each present *Lord* began to promise aid,
 As bound in *knighthood* to her imposition,
 Longing to heare the hatefull *foe* bevrard.
 But she that yet her sad *taste* hath not laid,
 The *protestation* stops. O speake, quoth she,
 How may this forced *staine* be wipt from me?

VVhat is the *qualitie* of mine offence,
 Being constrain'd with dreadfull *circumstances*
 May my pure *mind* with the foule *act* dispence,
 My low declined *honour* to aduanee?
 May any *termes* acquit me from this chance?
 The *poysoned fountaine* cleares it selfe againe;
 And why not I from this compelled *staine*?

Vpon the
 relation
 of *Lucretia*
 her rape,
Colatino
 and the
 rest swears
 to reuenge
 but this
 seems not
 full satisf-
 faction to
 her losses.

VVith

THE RAPE

She kil-
leth her
seife to ex-
asperate
them the
more to
punish the
delin-
quent.

VWith this they all at once began to say,
Her bodies *staine* the *minde* vntainted cleares,
VWhile with a ioylesse *smile* she turnes away
The *fact*; that *map* which deepe impression beares
O' hard *misfortune* caru'd it in with *teares*.
No no, quoth she, no *Name* hereafter liuing,
By my *excuse* shall claime excuses giuing.

Here with a *sybeas* if her *heart* would breake,
She throwes forth *Tarquins* name, he, he, she saies:
But more than he, her poore tongue could not speak,
Till after many *accents* and *delaies*,
Vainely *breathings*, sicke and short assaies,
She vtters this, he, he, faire *Lord*, tis he
That guides this *hand* to giue this *wound* to me.

Euen here sheath'd in her harmelesse *breast*
A harmefull *knife*, that thence her *soule* vntheathed,
That *blow* did bayle it from the deepe vnrest
Of that polluted *prison* where it breathed,
Her contrite *sighs* vnto the *clouds* bequeathed,
Her winged *sprights*, and through her *wounds* doth
Lifes lasting date from cancel'd *destiny*. (the

Stone-still, altonight with this deadly *deed*,
Stood *Colatine* and all his *Lordly* crew.
Till *Lucrece* father that beholds her bleed,
Himselfe, on her self-slaughtered *body* throw,
And from the purple fountaine *struts* drew,
The murderous *knife*, and as it left the *place*,
Her *blond* in poore reuenge, held it in chase.

And bubbling from her *breast*, it doth diuide
In two slow *ruers*, that the crimson *bloud*
Circles her *body* in on every side,
VWho like a late sackt *flaud* vastly stood
Bare and vapooped in this fearefull *flood*.
Some of her *blood*, still pure and red remain'd
And some looks *black* and that false *Tarquin* stand.

Above

OF LVCRECE.

About the mourning and congealed *face*
 Of that blacke *blood*, a watry *rigoll* goes,
 VVhich seemes to weepe vpon the tainted *place*;
 And euer since a pitying *Lucrece* woes,
 Corrupted blood some watry *token* shewes,
 And blood vtainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so purrified.

Daughter, deare *daughter*, old *Lucretius* cries,
 That life was mine which thou hast here deuioued,
 If in the *childe* the *fathers* image lies,
 VVhere shall I liue now *Lucrece* is vnliued?
 Thou wast not to this end from me deuied.
 If *children* predecease *progenitors*,
 VVe are their off-spring and they none of ours.

Poore broken *glasse*, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance, my old age new borne,
 But now that faire fresh *mirror* dim and old,
 Shewes me a barebon'd *death* by *time* our-worme,
 O from my cheeks my *image* thou hast torne,
 And shuer'd all the beauty from my *glasse*,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

O *time* cease thou thy *course* and hast no longer,
 If thou surcease to be that should suruiue:
 Shall rotten *death* make conquest of the stronger,
 And leaue the foultring feeble *soules* aliue?
 The old *Bees* die, the yong possesse their *hine*,
 Then liue sweet *Lucrece*, liue againe and see
 Thy *father* die, and not thy *father* thee.

By this starts *Colatime* as from a *dream*,
 And bids *Lucretius* giue his sorrow place,
 And then in *Key-cold* *Lucrece* bleeding streame
 He falls, and bathes the pale feare in his *face*,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space.
 Till manly *shame* bids him possesse his *breath*
 And liue to be reuenged on her *death*.

The

THE RAPE

The deepe vexation of his inward *soule*,
 Hath seru'd a dumb arrest vpon his *tongue*,
 VWho made that *sorrow* should his use controule,
 Or keepe him from heart-easing *words* so long,
 Begins to talke, but through his *lips* do throng (aid,
 Weak *words*, so thicke come in his poore *hearts*
 That no *man* could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime *Tarquin* was pronounced plaine,
 But through his *teeth* as it his *name* he tore,
 This windy tempest till it blow vp raine,
 Held back his *sorrowes* tide to make it more.
 At last it *raines*, and busie *winds* giue ore:
 Then *sonne* and *father* weep with equall strife,
 VWho should weep most for *daughter* or for *wife*.

The one doth call her *his*, the other *his*,
 Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay,
 The *father* saies she's mine: O mine she is,
 Replies her *husband*'s doe not take away
 My *sorrowes* interest, let no *mourner* say
 He weepes for her, for she was only mine,
 And onely must be wauld by *Colatine*.

O quoth *Lucretius*, I did giue that life
 VWhich she too early and too late hath spild.
 VVoe, woe, quoth *Colatine*, she was my *wife*,
 I owed her, and tis mine that she hath kild.
 My *daughter* and my *wife* with clamors filld
 The disperdest *aire*, who holding *Lucrece* life,
 Answered their *cries*, my *daughter* and my *wife*.

Brutus who pluckt the *knife* from *Lucrece* side,
 Seeing such emulation in their *woe*,
 Began to cloath his wit in *state* and *pride*,
 Burying in *Lucrece* wound his *follies* show:
 He with the *Romans* was esteemed so,
 As seely leering *idots* are with *kings*.
 For *fortune* words, and vndering foolish things.

But

OF LVCRECE.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,
 VWherein the policy did him disguise.
 And arm'd his long hid wits advisedly
 To check the seas in Colatines eyes.
 Thou wronged Lord of Rome quoth he, arise,
 Let my vnfound selfe suppos'd a foole
 Now set thy long experienc't wit to schoole,

VWhy Colatine, is woe the cure for woe?
 Doe wounds helpe wounds or griefe helpe grievous
 Is it reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow (deeds?)
 For his foule Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?
 Such childish humor from weake minds proceeds:
 Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,
 To slay her selfe, that should haue slaine her Foe.

Couragious Romane doe not sleepe thy heart
 In such lamenting dew of lamentations,
 But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,
 To rouse our Roman Gods with inuocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations,
 (Since Rome her self in them doth stand disgraced
 By our strong arms from forth her faire Streets chase
 (sed.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,
 And by this chaste blood so vniustly stained,
 By beaues faire sun that breeds the fat earths store,
 By all our country rites in Rome maintained,
 And by chaste Lacreces soule that late complained
 Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloody knife,
 VVe will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he strooke his hand vpon his breast,
 And kist the fatall knife to the end his vow:
 And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,
 VWho wondering at him did his words allow:
 Then ioyntly to the ground their knees they bow,
 And that deepe vow which Aruns made before,
 He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

VVhen

OF LVCRECE.

VWhen they had sworne to his aduised *doome*,
They did conclude to beare dead *Lucrece* thence,
To shew the bleeding *body* throughout *Rome*,
And so to publish *Tarquins* foule offence;
VWhich being done, with speedy diligence,
The *Romanes* plaufibly did giue consent,
To *Tarquins* euerlasting banishment.

FINIS.



nce

7